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HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, MCMXII

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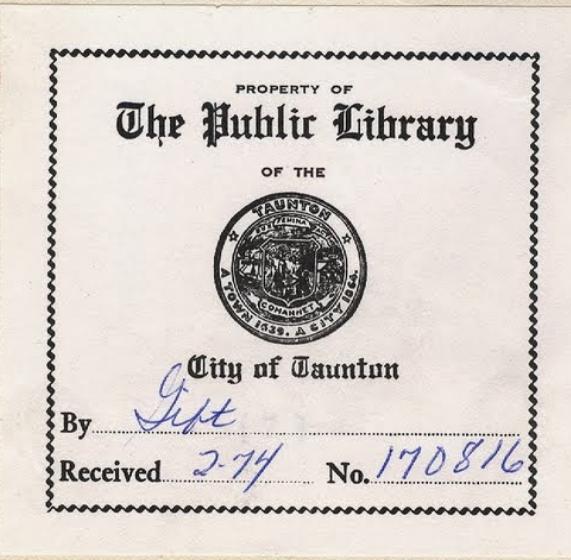
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DEDICATION

The senior class of Taunton High School in the year nineteen hundred and twelve hereby dedicates this journal:

To Fred U. Ward, our new principal.

The newness has worn off a little, but the true metal shines through.



THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

FACULTY LIST

- FRED U. WARD. Bowdoin College. 1910.*
Principal. Head of Ancient Language Department.
- F. ARTHUR WALKER. University of Michigan. 1884.
Sub-Master. Head of Mathematics Department.
- CHARLES A. HATHAWAY. Tufts College. 1893.
Head of Science Department.
- FLORENCE H. STONE. Wellesley College. 1899.
Head of English Department.
- PEARL B. GRANT. Brown University. 1901.
Head of History Department.
- HELEN G. GILMAN. Boston University. 1907.
Teacher of English and History.
- GEORGE G. BULFINCH. Boston University. 1909.
Teacher of Physics and Chemistry.
- FREDERICK T. FARNSWORTH. Tufts College. 1909.
Head of German Department.
- CORA H. WHITTAKER. Brown University. 1909.
Teacher of Latin and Ancient History.
- ALICE A. PUFFER. Radcliffe College. 1910.
Head of French Department.
- GEORGE H. GLASHEEN. Fitchburg Business College. 1911.
Head of Business Department.
- GLADYS C. GILMORE. Smith College. 1911.
Teacher of English.
- MARGARET L. HOUSTON. Boston University. 1911.
Teacher of French and Literature.
- FRANCES R. FOSTER. Mt. Holyoke. 1911.
Teacher of Advanced Latin.
- A. BELLE YOUNG. Elmira Business College. 1911.
Teacher of Stenography and Typewriting.
- GEORGE E. MACFARLANE University of Pennsylvania. 1912.
Teacher of Algebra.

SPECIAL TEACHERS.

- FREDERICK W. HOWES. Music.
- F. CHRISTABEL RUGGLES. Manual Training.
- EDITH M. WILLIAMS. Drawing.
- LIEUT. EDWIN G. HOPKINS. Cadet Supervisor.

* Date of appointment.



FRED U. WARD, PRINCIPAL

THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

STAFF:

Wilfred A. Hathaway, *Editor*
Bicknell Hall, Jr., *Business Manager*

EDITORIAL



GRADUATE of two years ago revisiting the High School would be surprised to see the number of improvements since his departure. Many radical changes have taken place within the building: old rooms have been divided; new departments have been established; a lunch room has been started and bids fair to be a success; the Mary Hamer Library is fast becoming a reality; an interest has been aroused in public debating; a fine athletic field is nearing completion. Along all these lines it has been a year of progress, a year of change for the better.

The submaster's room has been cut in two by a partition, in order to make a home for the new business course. The principal's room has also been divided, one-half to be the Senior's room, the other to be given up for the Mary Hamer Library. These divisions have eliminated the two big rooms at each end of the main corridor, substituting in their place four rooms, each small enough to be easily handled by one teacher.

Of course, the new business department is of the greatest interest to pupils and parents alike. It saves the expense of a course at a business college, or, if further work along commercial lines is desired, prepares the young man or woman for a better understanding of business forms and usages. The main commercial room is well equipped with fine, individual writing tables, extensive blackboard space, and a "bank" to be managed by the different pupils in turn. The typewriting room is amply supplied with typewriting tables and typewriters of the best patterns. A door leads from this room into the "old labora-

tory," now used for the stenography classes. Although this is the first year of the department's existence, its instant popularity proves that its want has been long felt.

Many people have realized the lack of a school lunch-room. Numbers of pupils, leaving home early and returning late, actually *need* a lunch at recess. Formerly, these pupils had to pay high prices at the store. Now, these same pupils get the *best* food at almost cost price, food served under sanitary conditions by their own school mates and the women of the Woman's Club. The room itself is light, roomy, and well-equipped with gas and water, besides having ample space for neat counters. Just off this room is the large basement, supplied with table armchairs, about which groups of chattering boys and girls gather to eat their luncheons. We owe all this to the principal and the Woman's Club, whose members have given their time and labor to making the Taunton High School lunch-room a success.

Another thing which requires but a short time to become a reality is the Mary Hamer Library. Just off from the Senior room, bright, airy, and of easy access from all parts of the building, the room will be ideal. When its walls are decorated and lined with books, its floors polished and reading tables and chairs installed, the school may well be proud of its library.

Interest in public debating has been aroused, in the city as well as in the school, by Mr. Davol's presentation of a series of cups to be competed for annually.

This public spirited citizen has also aided the school in obtaining the use of an athletic field. The boys of the school have never had a good place for their inter-school games, but this will soon be remedied. By next fall, at the latest, all work will be finished, and Taunton High will have grounds to which they will be proud to take all visiting rivals.

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THE SPARROW OF ULM.

IT is during the civil war in Wurttemburg. The Swabian army occupies the city of Ulm; the duke himself is in hiding, though reported to be gathering an army; Waldburg, the Swabian High Steward, rules for the moment throughout most of the duchy.

Not a few of the peasants and lesser nobles, nevertheless, though openly declaring allegiance to the Swabian League, are secretly in sympathy with the outlawed Duke Ulrich. Indeed the duke's most daring spy, popularly known as the Piper of Hardt, is a peasant.

This same Piper of Hardt is causing no little uneasiness at this moment in Ulm itself. One who knows him by sight, Captain Meyer of the Swabian cavalry, has seen him, as he says, slinking away from the council hall; and, although the captain and two other officers, gave chase to the rascal, the latter dodged into an alley leading to the barrack stables, where the regimental horses were kept,—and there he was lost. A tremendous hue and cry is raised: soldiers scurry hither and thither, gradually closing in upon the stables, and the spy seems in a trap indeed.

Can it be that he has escaped! "But no, there he is," cries Johann Kopfholz to himself. Johann is big and stupid, but has a fine opinion of his own acumen. He is sure that he just saw the famous Piper slip around a corner of the stable. He steps cautiously after, leaving his companions to go on as suits themselves.

Johann pushes on, until at length he finds himself in an empty stall; but he sees a shadow just disappearing up the hay-chute. Up he goes, making as much noise as a cannon ball rolling downstairs, and finds himself in the loft, which seems empty, save for the piles of hay everywhere. But he smiles a knowing smile,—and pokes

into the piles with his long sharp sword.

All at once the point encounters beneath the hay some object that shrinks under his pressure. The pile stirs, a muffled groan rises. Then suddenly his sword plunges into nothingness,—and a sparrow flutters affrightedly out of the hay and darts through the narrow, open window.

The valiant Johann falls back with a cry of superstitious horror; the room swims before his eyes; pale and trembling, he stumbles downstairs, and reports to his captain, who crosses himself with a shudder; for when a man can turn himself into a sparrow, then indeed is he under the shadow of the Devil's wing.

And thus within the hour the whole city of Ulm knows that the Piper of Hardt has been cornered in the stable loft and has escaped with the aid of the Evil One by changing into a sparrow and flying out of the window. Furthermore one might believe from Johann's report that the transformation took place before his very eyes,—as, indeed, he himself believes and asserts.

Late that night, the hay in one corner of the loft moves again, tossing like the ocean, and the Piper of Hardt appears, ruefully feeling his ribs.

"Donner!" he grunts, "Had the fool pricked me deeper, I must have risen and struck him; I got out of the way just in time; and as for the sparrow," turning over the hay and lifting up an abandoned nest,—"as for the sparrow, that was just pure luck!"

Then he creeps down stairs and forth from the stable door, deftly dodging the sentinels, and slips through the streets to a lonely spot along the city wall; there, with the skill of much practice, he scales the wall and drops into the shadows on the other side.

This, my friends, is the truth of the tale of the Sparrow of Ulm. E. A. M. '12.

THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

CLASS HISTORY

HOW bravely we freshmen of the class of 1912 entered the portals of the High School four years ago with our little diplomas stuck in our pockets. How courageously we marched up into the assembly hall to be instructed concerning the courses, rules, and regulations of the school. But, after we were comfortably quartered in the annex, how timidly we walked about the corridors, feeling upon us the condescending looks of the Sophomores, the knowing expressions of the Juniors, and the haughty glances of the lordly Seniors. A few of us penetrated into the depths of Mr. Walker's room, but who dared even to peep into the awful recesses of the principal's room?

Soon, however, we became accustomed to the new routine, and later held a class meeting. We elected our officers: Wadsworth Wilbar, president; Ruth Rimington, vice-president; Maude Jackson, secretary; and Ralph Hastings, treasurer; and chose an attractive class pin of plain gold. The remainder of the year was uneventful save for our initiation into examinations—a trying experience which laid most of us up and caused several to take a permanent vacation.

When we entered upon our second year we began to take a less humble attitude toward those higher than we. We struck farther into the depths of Latin, began to taste of the modern languages, and fell into the merciless and fascinating grip of geometry. Now we felt that we knew something and were in a position to advise the Freshies. Accordingly, we commenced to treat them much as we had been treated, and to scare them with reports of what they were coming to next year.

The latter part of this year was marked by the resignation of our principal, Mr. Miller. Mr. Walker was appointed acting principal. This made some of us very happy, for in performing his double duty Mr. Walker was obliged several times to omit some of his recitations.

With the opening of our Junior year, our new principal, Mr. Ward from Attleboro, ascended the platform in room 1. He has introduced many improvements and has strongly excited school spirit, and we hope that for the good of the school he may long be with the Taunton High.

This year was not very eventful. We progressed slowly with our education, our heads increasing in size, in our own estimation, if not in that of the teachers'. Several of us attempted to destroy ourselves with explosives or noxious gases in the chemical laboratory, and a few stumbled along through the "perplexéd paths" of trigonometry. In the spring several of our number appeared before the public as actors in our Class Play, *An Indigestible Romance*. As a play it was very successful, and as a money-maker, entirely satisfactory. Examinations were tri-annual this year, and after our third dose we left the building with the inspiring prospect of becoming Seniors.

Now we are Seniors, in fact have been so for nine months. We have seen several changes in the school this year. Some of the rooms have been divided to allow for the introduction of the business course and the Mary Hamer Memorial Library. The latest acquisition is a lunch room in the basement. It is a great success, as anything like it is bound to be with real live, hungry boys and girls to push it along.

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The other improvements have been successful and school spirit has been strong. Therefore are we proud that these events have taken place during the Senior year of the class of 1912.

We have been digging at our books during these last months just the same as when we were freshmen, and most of us do not feel that we know it all. We realize that we

have attained to the knowledge of only a small part of what this world contains. When we have graduated some of us will go to work, and some will go to college, but whatever we do and wherever we go, we shall always carry with us a feeling of affection and gratitude toward the good old Taunton High School.

L. B. T. '12.

CLASS WILL

WE, the class of 1912 of Taunton High School, in the County of Bristol, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, conscious of our nearness to graduation, hereby revoke and annul all wills, codicils, and other testamentary dispositions heretofore made, and declare this to be our last will.

First.—To the class of '13 we leave, with our sincerest sympathy, all worn out clothes, shoes, and hats; our much beloved and well kept books, pencils, desks, chairs, and all other effects which at the time of our departure may chance to survive us in the senior room; the new partition with its plate glass windows and well-fitting doors; and our unequalled desire for work.

Second.—To the class of '14, the dignity of 1912; free use of all checks not cashed in the commercial department; all our serene, seraphic, and simpering smiles; and last,—the privilege of graduating after earning 67 points.

Third.—To the class of '15, all pleasures, wasted time, and unprepared lessons; all the benefits to be derived from the athletic field and the lunch room; all girls borrowed by us at dances, parties, and other social functions.

Fourth.—To the principal, the delightful task of filling our vacant places behind the

lunch counter with such pupils as have a certain degree of appetite (70c. worth) and a sure knowledge of the handling of plates.

The following cast-off possessions are donated as follows:

ABBOTT.—A copy of my book, "Public Speaking Made Easy," to the janitor.

ALEY.—The large vacancy which I leave, to Reagan '13.

W. ANTHONY.—A box of tooth picks to J. Anthony '14, to be used only in Miss Stone's room.

BAILEY.—The comb with which I make my pompadour to Conant '14.

CONNOLLY.—My catching skill to Forbes '14.

CLARKE.—My originality in hair-dressing to Goodrich '15.

HATHAWAY.—My imaginative and creative genius to McGlynn '13.

HOARD.—Half a lemon pie to Presbrey '13. Also my speling skil and all my knolege of that art to J. White '13.

HDGES.—My collection of microscopic insects to the Smithsonian Institute.

HYLAND.—My numerous girls to J. Anthony '14. He's too bashful to seek their company himself.

ROBINSON.—My camera to the G. A. R.

TAYLOR.—My string of pins to any one calling at the office.

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WILBAR.—My goggles to the Myricks Automobile Association.

MISS CARR.—My piano stool and unused discords to Miss Starrett '13.

MISS COLE.—My interest in the Taunton Y. M. C. A. to Miss G. Leonard '15.

MISS BURT.—My vanity box (mirror and powder puff) to Miss B. Phillips '15.

MISS JACKSON.—A "just bully chocolate cake" to "Sy" '13.

MISS LEONARD.—My violets and pinks to Miss Allen '13. I am keeping my "sweet Williams" for some future time.

MISS RIMINGTON.—My mirror to Miss Allen '13, so that she won't have to

look in the typewriter shield to fix her hair.

MISS SMITH.—My recipe for cranberry pie to Dr. Wiley.

MISS E. WHITE.—My supply of cough drops to Barker's Drug Store.

We appoint our honored friends Sam Johnson and Edmund Burke as executors of this will and testament.

CLASS OF 1912.

Signed in the presence of the following witnesses, this tenth day of June, nineteen hundred and twelve.

MR. WOOLLEY.

BUFFUM BROS.

SOCRATES.

NOTES

Miss S---e, at base ball game—"Just see how easy it is to score,"—handing her friend a card well covered with circles, lines, crosses, etc.

Friend—"What's all this for?"

Miss S---e, abstractedly—"So's I'll know when the ninth inning comes!"

G---dr-ch '13, leaves out a line of translation in which the hero kisses the heroine.

Mr. F-r-w- th—"Don't you know anything about that line?"

G---dr-ch, hastily—"No sir, of course not!"

And ministers' sons tell the truth!

One of the physics professors, after performing an experiment in which a flask was filled with water, said to the class—"Now the only way to get this water out is to,—is to,—is to empty it out." Cheers!!

Mitchell in Ancient History—"Pericles delivered the funeral oration over himself."

R. Briggs—"The principal parts of *may* are *may, can, must*."

Simmons (in German)—"Bite it." (beitet).

Teacher—"No, try again."

Simmons—"Aw, beat it." (bietet).

Robertson (translating)—Er—er—they—er—threatened—er—er,—

Stage whisper—They threatened him with the bailiff and the hangman.

Robertson—Oh—er—they threatened him with the bed of the hangman.

Will some one please tell Connolly how to elect a quorum?

Teacher—"Hard work to breathe, Moon?"

Moon '15 (weakly)—"No, sir."

Teacher—"Better get somebody to do it for you. You're getting incapacitated for the job."

Moon—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"Look out, Mitchell, you'll wake up and find yourself asleep!"

Teacher—"Explain dew."

Pupil—"Dew,—er—er—"

Teacher—"That will do!"

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CLASS PROPHECY

ON April 1, 1948, as I was seated lazily in a large arm chair before the fire, with the dailies in my lap, I came across a paper from my home town. I spread it out and began to look it over. Imagine my surprise when I found an entire page devoted to the Class of 1912 of the Taunton High School! The following are extracts from that paper.

After many years of hard study and labor, the host of friends of Lucien B. Taylor will be glad to hear that he has mastered more languages, ancient and modern, than any other man of his time. His ability to solve problems in mathematics has received praises from the most learned men in this country as well as abroad. Taylor was a winner, and always had the respect of his classmates and masters.

Mr. K. Jones, professor of the Mute Classical Institute in Boston, has received an appointment to a similar institute in Germany. Professor Jones will go to Germany to begin work in this institute, Feb. 29.

Mr. Lester Lee of Dighton has accepted a position as valet to the present King of Iceland. We wish him good luck in his new work.

Rumors have been afloat that the next man who will be put up for the office of President by the "Resurrected Tory Party" will be Mr. Wadsworth Wilbar. Mr. Wilbar has been very active in politics for the past thirteen years. If Mr. Wilbar is successful and wins the election as well as the nomination, we hope he will serve the people whom he rules as faithfully and honestly as he served the Class of 1912 of the T. H. S.

The many friends of Carleton Hodges will be sorry to hear that, on account of his recent accident while taking a trip across Bering Strait in his flying machine, he will be obliged to resign his position as corresponding secretary to Sir John Abbott. Sir John showed his appreciation for services rendered by presenting Hodges with a wheel chair for which Mr. Hodges was deeply grateful.

"Marty" Conolly, leader of the world's champion base ball team, was in town yesterday. Mr. Conolly paid a visit to the T. H. S. and, in remembrance of his former relations with the school, presented each pupil, girls included, with a base ball. What a pity that we have not more public spirited men in this town!

Mr. William Robertson Anthony has organized a circus troop which far surpasses any other circus company either in this country or abroad. Mr. Anthony has among his troop two classmates, Miss Irene Leonard and Mr. Lawrence Robinson.

A VISIT FROM ROYALTY.

Taunton was glad to extend a hearty welcome to one of its old time members, Mr. Robert H. Park, who is now King of Iceland. Mr. Park was married to Miss Susana Swartz, queen of the South Pole Zeeland, about five years ago, and has returned to Taunton for the first time since the great event. We are very grateful to King Robert Hodges Park Swartz, for the large and bountiful sum which he has added to the fund for the new assembly hall in the Taunton High School. Surely "Bob" deserves the title which has come to him.

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May he serve his subjects as gracefully as he has served every one else. Long live King Swartz!

Mr. O'Donnell, editor of the popular magazine entitled, "What to Do and What Not to Do," was in town yesterday. Mr. O'Donnell is about to take a trip around the world in quest of fresh material for his magazine.

One of the most noted and eminent orators of the day was present at a large banquet which was given in his honor at High School last evening. Mr. Hathaway is a marvel. More than one person recalled the lines "And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

DANCING ACADEMY.

PROFESSORS HILL AND WHALON.

All pupils desiring tickets for the dancing school, conducted by Hill and Whalon, will please send in their names and 25c. at once. Address all communications to their private secretary,

MISS R. RIMINGTON,
9999 State Street, City.

SEWING CLASS.

Miss Cook will teach plain and practical sewing at five cents a lesson.

DISCOVERED.

A powder which I guarantee will positively rid your potato plants, etc., of all bugs and pests, (after two trials). A liberal sample sent upon request.

L. B. HOARD,
Mattapoisett,
Mass.

Howard Lincoln, the manager of the Globe Theatre in Paris, was in town Saturday. Next Saturday, from the balcony of City Hotel, Lincoln will give an address on

Taunton and its progress since he was a senior in the High School here. Standing-room positively guaranteed to be free.

The following notice was received from Lucius J. N. Alley, who resides at 23 West 13th St., New York City.

FOUND.

A remarkable herb which will reduce your weight by 100 lbs. in two days. Any person desiring a bottle of Alley's New Discovery may receive the same by applying to "Bick" Hall's Drug Store, 999 Main St.

Mr. John McNamara is head master of French in the Wheaton Seminary. Mr. McNamara will take competitive examinations in the spring for the position of head master of Greek in the T. H. S. "Mac" surely deserves something better than to be a teacher in a female school.

Edgar Morton's new book, "The Follies of this World," has met with great success in Abyssinia.

Cupid still at work, even among Royalty.

Mrs. Daniel McVay announces the engagement of her daughter Fannie to King Freda the First, of Mt. Hope, Greenland. Queen Freda expects to be crowned and take up her royal duties upon the throne in February, 1948.

Mr. Ed. Clark has just received the appointment of 2nd Lieutenant in the U. S. Army. This office you will remember was given up by Lieutenant Anthony a few years ago.

Miss Josephine Quail, the popular Woman Suffragist, has just returned from a visit with her friend, Miss Laura Frost in Paris. Miss Quail made a long speech in French

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before a large number of women in one of the leading theatres in Paris. It is said that Miss Quail was so eager in her talk, with her eyes upon the ceiling, that when she at last looked for her audience, she found that it had vanished.

While Henry Simmons was taking a trip in his famous speed machine, he passed the herring run at East Taunton. There he was refused admittance by Swig who has been acting as gate keeper while Willis is enjoying a short vacation.

Miss Agnes White invites inspection of her home for the aged. All people desiring references may receive the same by applying at Miss Sally Place's Detective Bureau.

Miss Lelia Padelford, who has for the past few years been studying Botany in California, has returned to her home in East Taunton.

Miss Dean was in town yesterday calling upon several of her friends.

Miss Doris Harriman will act as first assistant to a 2nd. lieutenant in the U. S. Army.

During her recent trip to Europe, Miss Shaw fell in with one of her old friends, Susie Andrews. Miss Andrews is the world's champion stenographer and has received many medals in speed contests.

Miss Florence Carr is said to have given up her position as chiropodist in the Queen's palace and to have applied for a room in the Old Maids' Home, managed by Miss Ruth Roderick.

Miss Jeannette Cahoon, instructor in poetics at Radcliffe, is spending a few days with her friend, Miss Gertrude Doherty.

Miss Ruth Howland possesses one of the most beautiful collections of butterflies that has ever been exhibited. Miss Howland recently gave the sum of \$2000 for a single moth.

GRAND OPENING

at
Miss Ethel Clapp's Millinery Parlors.

APRIL 4 AND 5, 1948.
Latest styles direct from Paris. Walk in.

Miss Emily Pease, together with her sister as accompanist, will give a musical at the White House this evening. It is rumored that Miss Pauline Pease will join the Bon Ton Theatre troupe this winter. Miss Beatrice Burt is now the leading lady in that company, but in the fall Miss Burt is to be married to the manager and will probably resign her position to Miss Pease.

Miss Maude Jackson has been a distinguished soloist at the Symphony this winter. In June, Miss Jackson will be married to the head professor at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Miss Ruth White, Miss Beatrice Gates, Miss Helen Cole, and Miss Nathalie Crossman expect to start upon a trip around the world this spring. Miss Crossman, who is the leader of the party, took the same trip about a year ago. She hopes to write a book about her travels upon her return to Taunton.

NOTICE.

Anybody desiring to have his fortune told may have same by sending 10c. together with his name and age to

MISS ALICE ELWELL
Fortunes told by inspirations from the fairies.



WADSWORTH WILBAR
PRESIDENT



RUTH A. RIMINGTON
VICE-PRESIDENT



MAUDE M. JACKSON
SECRETARY



ROBERT H. PARK
TREASURER

THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

Miss Inez Moffatt has opened hair dressing parlors at 83 South 98th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Moffatt professes to be able to do any person's hair in the height of Parisian fashion. She has among her employees, Miss Laura O'Neill, who is a professional in the art of shampooing.

Miss Anna Hyland, who entered the most noted Catholic Convent in Rome, is home on a few weeks' leave of absence.

Miss E. White is teaching school in East Taunton. Miss White is said to have the largest class of boys that has been in the school since it started. This summer Miss White expects to go to Wheaton where she will take a summer course in Household Arts.

Miss May McLear has at last announced her decision to join the Woman Suffragists in their important work in Chicago. We wish Miss McLear success in this line of work for we know it is only after long deliberation that she makes this move.

Miss Eleanor Horton has moved her household effects from Green to Pink Street, East of North Rehoboth, Mass.

Miss Katherine Sears has been granted a pension after many years of active work in the cause of Woman's Rights. It is due to Miss Sears's work that the women in Alaska have at last been granted the right to vote.

Mr. Douglas Robertson, one of the life-long residents of Taunton, has donated to the city the sum of \$6,000,000, which he says is to be used in behalf of the Woman's Suffrage League of that city. Miss F. Hewitt is the head of this League and thanked Mr. Robertson in glowing words

for his kind remembrance. Every citizen in Taunton is truly grateful to Mr. Robertson and extends to him a hearty vote of thanks for his noble deed.

Miss Florence Colvin, head teacher in the Domestic Science department at Massachusetts Agriculture College, has been sick at her boarding-place with a slight attack of inflammation in her jaw. It is almost impossible for the school to progress without her helping hand.

"Bill" Bailey, (Ralph) bill poster for the European Theatre, was in Taunton to-day, tearing off the signs on Main St. Mr. Bailey far surpasses any other bill-poster, either in this country or abroad, both in speed and in attractiveness of design.

Miss Louise Adlington has moved to Portland, Maine, where she has bought a cat farm. Miss Adlington hopes to be able to enter many beautiful Angora cats in this year's cat show in England. No doubt Miss Adlington will remember many of her friends at Christmas time with a kitten.

Miss May McIsaac is improving rapidly. Miss McIsaac was accidentally hit by a sand bag which fell from a passing air-ship.

Mr. Francis Chase has been admitted to the bar. It is owing to Chase's eloquent pleadings that Mr. Atwood was acquitted from the charge placed against him by Miss McIsaac. It seems that the bag which struck Miss McIsaac fell from Atwood's air-ship. Mr. Chase after much argument proved the fact that had Miss McIsaac been somewhere else (at home) at the time she would not have been injured. Truly a great lawyer is Francis Chase. In many of his speeches he takes Burke's Conciliation for his model.

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Mr. Philip Hyland has been elected president of the Taunton National Bank. We are proud to be able to say that a member of the Class of 1912 of the T. H. S. has been elected to so responsible a position.

Miss Hattie King has been appointed physical instructor at Bridgewater Normal School.

FOUND.

A key and a jack knife. Owner may have same by calling at the office of the Taunton Bleachery.

C. MACOMBER.

Miss Ethel Duffy has been obliged to resign her duties with the Globe Theatre Company on account of her wind-pipe, which her physicians say is remarkably tender just at present.

For years Miss Duffy was the leading cornet soloist in this company and they express deep regret at her sad misfortune.

HOME COOKING AT SMITH'S BAKERY.

STEP IN AND SAMPLE.

My sponge bread, Parker House cake, lady dumplings and meal fritters.

J. M. SMITH,
299 WEST BEDFORD ST., BROCKTON, MASS.

SWIG'S LAUNDRY.

CIRCLE SQUARE, TAUNTON, MASS.

All stockings washed and darned. Shirts, collars, and cuffs starched to perfection. Goods taken from and delivered directly to the door.

Mr. Peter Dudley positively guarantees to hypnotize all subjects. No charge required. All that is necessary is for the victim to concentrate his or her thoughts

upon Peter himself, and everything will be satisfactory.

Miss Laura Frost and Miss J. Francis are the head of an exploring company bound for Aurik, Alaska, where they hope to prove themselves to be the most famous explorers in the world. About two years ago Miss L. Frost received several medals in honor of her daring exploits in Central Asia.

MARGARET V. NEENAN'S KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL.

Classes for Freshman, Monday morning.

Classes for Sophmores, Thursday evening.

Classes for Juniors, Friday afternoon.

Classes for Seniors, Sunday evening.

All other time spent upon the weak and feeble minded children.

Terms reasonable.

Many of Grafton Atwood's old school friends went to his barn to a husking bee last evening. After a social hour refreshments, consisting of cabbage, beets, parsnips, and turnips, were chewed on by all. Mr. Atwood was presented with a brass headed cane during the evening and expressed his appreciation of the exquisite gift by a very appropriate speech. The party broke up at an early hour.

M. B. B. '12.

NOTES

Ike—"It's all over town!"

Mike—"What?"

Ike—"Mud!"

Mike—"They're all over town!"

Ike—"What?"

Mike—"Bill Bailey's feet!"

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THE NINTH INNING

COULD the freshman fill the place? This was the question the coach and captain of the Bancroft team were discussing the night before the great game with Hadley. The best center-fielder had sprained his ankle the day before, and now a substitute must take his place. The freshman seemed the most likely substitute, though he had had little experience. It was finally decided in his favor and the coach departed.

The next day dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for the game. At half-past two the crowds began to fill the bleachers and grand stand. The Hadley team with its supporters had already arrived and were in the dressing room.

At quarter of three the grand stand and bleachers were packed almost to overflowing; on one side the cheering section of Bancroft, on the other that of Hadley.

A few minutes later the Bancroft team, headed by the captain, trotted on to the field for practice, and, to the surprise of the school, Fred Marlowe, the freshman, was with them. They were given a great ovation as they came in from a snappy practice. Then Hadley took the field for a few minutes and finally the big game was started.

One—two—three innings passed and no man on either team reached first. The spectators settled back to watch a pitchers' duel. The fourth and fifth innings passed, and still hardly a change. Both pitchers were playing the game of their lives. The seventh, the most dangerous of all innings was over, and still no change in score. The eighth brought a combination of hits for both teams, but the runners were left on the bases.

The ninth had come. The strain must break somewhere. Bancroft's heaviest hit-

ter was at bat, followed by the captain, the fastest runner. Something ought to develop from the combination and something did.

A neat hit was placed between third and short. The captain, the next batter, taking his opponents by surprise, laid down a bunt and beat it to first. Two men on bases, the Bancroft stands were wild. Hadley's pitcher controlled himself, however, and the next batter struck out.

The next batter sacrificed, and runners were now on second and third with two out. A hit meant a run. The next man up hit the first ball pitched for a single between first and second, and scored the runner, amid the wild cheering of Bancroft. The other runner attempted to score on the same hit but was caught at the plate by a beautiful throw from right field. The score now stood 1-0 in favor of Bancroft with Hadley's last chance in their half.

Bancroft's pitcher was beginning to weaken under the strain. The first batter up scored a hit over second; the next sacrificed him to second; the third placed a hit over third base and took second on the next pitched ball.

The Hadley stands were now on their feet and cheering as the next batter took his place, but he was a weak hitter and only succeeded in rolling the ball to the pitcher who made an assist to first.

Two down, a hit meaning a run and with the heaviest hitter at bat, things looked doubtful and the stands fell quiet. The batter fouled the first ball pitched, the next two were wide, the next the batter missed, the next was too close. Now pitcher and batter faced each other for the last ball. It must come directly over the plate for there were three balls and two strikes. The batter prepared to meet it and bat met ball

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with a crack that thrilled the spectators.

Like a white dot the ball sped out going higher and higher; but speeding along with his back to it, raced Fred Marlowe, the freshman sub. "Could he get it?" was the anxious question.

The ball glistened for a moment in the sunlight and then started to fall. As it

came nearer to earth Fred saw that he had overrun, but there was still a chance to get it. He turned, ran a few steps forward, then dived with out-stretched hand. The ball hit his hand. His fingers closed around it and held it tightly. Fred Marlowe had saved the game.

S. B. G., '13.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

DARTMOUTH College is the out-growth of a school which the Reverend Eleazer Wheelock opened in his home at Lebanon, Connecticut, December 18, 1754, for the Christian education of the Indian youth. In 1765 this school was moved to Hanover, New Hampshire, and there formed the basis for Dartmouth College from which the first class was graduated in 1769.

Ideally situated in the valley of the Connecticut river and surrounded by the rugged hills of New Hampshire, Dartmouth College has grown and expanded. The words of Daniel Webster, "It is a small college, but there are those who love it" were fully true when he uttered them, for then Dartmouth had but a handful of men. To-day that statement is true only in part for Dartmouth has grown until now there are 1300 students enrolled on its records. Yet every Dartmouth man still loves it.

The situation of Dartmouth lends it a peculiar environment of its own. The absence of any large city on its borders has forced the men of Dartmouth to seek pleasure through social intercourse among themselves. This close contact of man and man developed and perfected in the early days a democracy for which Dartmouth has ever been the symbol. This same democracy

at Dartmouth is as perfect and unblemished to-day as it was in the days of Webster. Dartmouth knows no classification of rich and poor, Jew or Gentile. Men at Dartmouth are what they show themselves to be. The rich are not envied because of their wealth, neither are the poor despised because of their poverty; both have an equal opportunity to show their true worth.

This spirit of democracy which surrounds Dartmouth is the greatest gift which she has to offer her members. It is the one feature of Dartmouth which has brought more men into her folds than all her athletic accomplishments combined, and they have not been few!

The purpose of Dartmouth is something more than to fill the brains of men with "book-made" knowledge. She strives to send out into the world men who can understand their fellow men, allow for their failings, and respect their abilities. Her aim is to lay the foundation for good citizenship.

After four years at Dartmouth well may the Senior exclaim:

"Thy name we'll cherish all our lives,
Thine honor we'll uphold,
And wish that we were back again
Within thy classic fold."

D. BASIL O'CONNOR, JR.
Dartmouth, 1912.

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HOLY CROSS

IN the fall of 1911 it was my good fortune to become enrolled as a student at Holy Cross.

The college buildings of Holy Cross are situated on one of the highest of the eminences surrounding the city of Worcester. Towards the north of the college is the old Indian Reservation, known long ago as Packachoag, "Hill of Pleasant Springs," but now bearing the name of Mount St. James. To the south and east is the beautiful Blackstone River, winding its ragged course through the many high and low lands of the outskirts of the city. Terraces surround the buildings, furnishing fine grounds for recreation. All about are various other educational institutions:—Clark University, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester Academy, and Highland Military Academy.

Holy Cross is one of the few colleges in America where there is but one prescribed course of study—that of the Liberal Arts. It is always a source of much encouragement, when the classics seem unendurable, to know that every other fellow student is laboring in exactly the same line of work. Studying Latin, Greek, and English everyday in the week may be hard,—but for a

proper foundation for any profession, a course of this kind, as has been exemplified in the cases of many great men, is most advantageous.

But this daily routine of study, though the most important, is not the most interesting part of college life. There are various means that appeal more strongly to the average student, and without which college life would be one long tedious routine. Many literary clubs and debating societies enlighten and encourage the students in oratory and practical research.

There are, too, the college athletics—football, baseball, track, tennis, and other sports that tend to develop a strong and manly system. Such pastimes are invariably an important means of relaxation to the overworked student. Besides they augment college spirit and instill a warm and undying love for Alma Mater.

Such are the qualities that add to the splendor of Holy Cross College—the location, the surroundings, the splendid accommodations for both mental and physical development, and the ever prevailing spirit of friendship among the student body.

WM. RUSSELL SMITH.
Holy Cross, '15

To find or not to find that was the Question. Jokes came not to him As he cudgeled his brain and wildly Tore his ink-stained hair, which Was rapidly whitening under the Terrible strain of his Herculean labors. He twirled his thumbs and fearsome

Were the groans escaping from his Lips. He raved like unto a crazy man. Sweat came upon his brow as he whirled His arms. Suddenly, peace fell upon him. He smiled as he seized his pen and Wrote hastily. The editor had found a joke!

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AN ANCIENT RITE AT TECH

EVERY year after the Tech Prize Drill the Freshmen gather to celebrate the end of drill. This year the celebration was particularly wild. As the cadets came out of the Armory, the band, a collection of non-musicians, increased the martial ardor by playing "Dixie" in four different keys at the same time. Inspired by this, the cadets gathered in one long column and started up Boylston Street. The prize winners and captains were carried on the shoulders of the men at the head of the procession. The column marched to the steps of the Rogers building and there the men gathered in a ring. In the

center an immense bonfire was built with the aid of donations of inflammable material from various unsuspected sources.

Then, that ancient rite,—the burning of the collar and gloves—was observed. Each man tore off his collar and gloves, that had served him for a year without a trip to the laundry. At a signal all were cast into the flames. Some hats and coats also were burned. All were happy and, after cheering every body that could be thought of, the party broke up, some to go home but more to continue the celebration in other parts of the city.

C. M. Tech, '15.

RULES OF CONDUCT

Whenever possible take a friend's book from his desk if you think that by any chance he might desire to study it. Do not return this book for at least five days, but keep it just to show your appreciation of his kindness in lending it to you.

If a pencil is left on the desk at which you are sitting, never hesitate to put it in your pocket. It was probably one of yours anyway.

Whenever you see a person carrying an armful of books, sneak up behind him, and, by a well-placed shove, distribute the books upon the floor. Smile pleasantly, and inform him that something dropped. This depends on the size of the fellow, of course.

In the lunch room always snatch the last piece of chocolate cake from under another person's hand. Always poke a girl's arm when she is trying to juggle a cup of cocoa and an ice cream cone, as she will probably thank you for spilling it over her dress.

If possible, enter all class rooms with a good lot of noise, and, whenever circumstances permit, a few minutes late. The teacher will doubtless see that you know the value of a few extra seconds.

Of course whispering during class and loud talking in the corridors should be indulged in upon every occasion.

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GRADUATION RETROSPECTS

HOW different the High School graduation exercises of forty years ago must have been from those of the present day! To any one looking over a series of old programs the contrast is very striking. The old "orders of exercises" were printed on small, thin, sheets of paper, with no cover page, or the slightest pretense at ornamentation. On one side of the sheet was the list of parts, the names of the "performers," as they were called, and on the other was the class ode, unsigned.

The exercises began either at "2 1-2 o'clock P. M." or "9 1-2 o'clock A. M." and lasted at least two hours. They were held in places unknown to the High School students of to-day,—Central Hall, Music Hall, and Jones' Athenaeum.

First came a musical selection, then the salutatory address. This address was always given in Latin, and it is to be hoped that the hearers were able to understand it. Old time audiences must have been more learned than present day ones. Intermingled with the essays and readings were extracts of French plays given in the original, Latin versions of American poems and speeches, German selections, parts of plays in English, Latin, Greek or French,

and even readings in Italian. Several of Holmes' poems were rewritten in Greek.

The essays were upon subjects that the scholars of the present time would hardly care to attack. The "Evolution Theory" is a topic which pupils would shun now. Several questions now before the public were discussed. The Panama Canal project was treated, and the subject of woman's suffrage was used for an essay. We may wonder how near the truth their authors came!

The classes during "war-times" were nearly all girls,—the boys were in a sterner school,—and little attention was paid to exercises. As late as 1870 there were but two boys in a class of eleven! From '75 to the present time the classes have increased rapidly in size until now a graduating class of sixty-five is called a small one. In early days each member of the class had an essay or a recitation, and, in at least one case, one girl took three parts.

The graduation of the class of '12, however, will not seem any more important to the scholars than the exercises of '60 did to the graduates of that time.

W. A. H., '12

SUCCESS

I am won by patient endeavor,
By energy and will.
I come to bless you ever,
A reward for your courage and skill.

I urge you on, though taunted;
Grasp your chance e'er I pass again.
I face your trials undaunted,
And soothe away your pain.

I crown your years with blessings,
I bring you hope and peace,
I ease life's hardest lessons,
And all your joys increase.

Success! Would you win and hold me!
Then strive ever on to the right.
On! On! Where the din of life's battle
Sounds loudest. On! On! to the fight.

B. R. '14.

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An Ascent of Mt. Washington

IT had been raining,—that was certain. Every square inch of the Raymond Path that was not mud, was water. We would pull our feet out of the sticky mess on one side of a fallen log and slide over it,—only to land in a pool of water beyond. So, as the path was long and the fallen logs were numerous, we were tired as well as wet, when we reached Hermit Lake camp, a bark shelter at the entrance to Tuckerman's Ravine, where we camped for the night.

Next morning, about five o'clock, an inquisitive porcupine knocked over our frying pan, upset the coffee-pot, and then ambled away, closely pursued by a badly aimed block of wood. I had thought my companions still asleep, but they appeared with grinning faces and commented freely on my poor marksmanship. The cook had less to say, however, when he found that the animal had eaten half of his precious stock of lard. The sun had just risen from behind the Carter Range and was shining into the ravine. One side of the wall was veiled by a peculiar rosy light, which, blending with the gray rocks and green slopes, contrasted strongly with the bluish shadow opposite. The previous day's rain had cleared the air, so that the peaks about us were free from the usual August haze. We hurried through our breakfast, packed up, and were soon on our way to the summit.

A few rods from camp we passed Hermit Lake, a tiny pond fed by brooks and springs from higher up on the mountain. After climbing several steep slopes, we reached the floor of the ravine. Here we had our first view of the entire head-wall, which rose 1000 feet above us. The face of the

cliff was glistening with hundreds of tiny brooks, cascades, and falls, some only a few feet in height, others over fifty. We crossed the brook which flows through the ravine, and began to clamber up the head-wall itself. A little way up the slope we passed the largest fall of all, where the water must have been falling from a height of at least fifty feet. The sun had turned the spray into a rainbow which arched across the cleft in the rocks down which the fall leaped.

Everywhere, looking up from the little grassy terraces between the wet stones, clinging to the slope, even growing in the brook, was a wild tangle of flowers, some yellow, some blue, others pure white. The whole wall was a great hanging garden covered with blossoms, all mingled in an endless confusion of color. Off to the right were the projecting cliffs of Boott's Spur, which hung out over the ravine as if a mere breath would hurl them down. Far above these cliffs an eagle was soaring about in great circles, spying out the land beneath him in search of food. Across Pinkham Notch the wooded peaks of the Carter Range cut off the view.

After a hard climb up the steep slope, we reached the grassy plateau at the foot of the cone. As if to greet our arrival here, a huge gray cloud slid off the summit and enveloped us in a thin fog which whirled by us and drifted rapidly out over the ravine. The view was completely lost. We seemed to be moving in a new world, a world of fog and mist. Following the infrequent piles of rock which marked the trail, we began to plod up the cone. Now the cone of Washington, in common with the other peaks of the range, is composed



LAWRENCE D. ROBINSON, 1ST LIEUT.

WILLIAM R. ANTHONY, CAPT.

BICKNELL HALL, JR., 2ND LIEUT.

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of tremendous boulders heaped and piled upon one another in every conceivable manner, and altogether making a slope difficult enough to tax both wind and muscle in the ascent. About half way up the cone we found a fine spring. The water was very cold, for it was nothing but melted ice coming up from the rocks within the mountain.

By the time I reached the summit my two companions were standing near the old Tip Top House looking disgustedly at the rolling fog. The outlook was discouraging, for we could see nothing of the mountains about us. Towards noon, however, occasional rifts in the clouds gave us glimpses of the surrounding peaks, only to close up again and hide them from sight. Suddenly, just as the first train from the base came up, the fog lifted and dissolved as if by magic, leaving a great expanse of country open to view. To the south lay the low ranges near the Massachusetts line. To the north a rolling country stretched away into the blue haze above the St. Lawrence river. To the west the Green Mountains of Vermont were plainly visible and on the east, the lakes of Maine filled every little valley between the mountain ranges.

Shortly after noon we left the summit and started down the Crawford Path, which runs along the ridge from Washington to Crawford Station at the southern end of the big range. This path is over eight miles long, above tree line until Mt. Clinton is reached, and affords fine views of the surrounding country.

Just at the base of the cone of Washington we passed a cross surmounting a pile of rocks and a bronze tablet. Here it was that a man named Curtis died, overcome by cold and exhaustion, in the terrible storm of June 30, 1900. His companion died far

up on the cone, off the path, and, presumably, lost.

In the little depression, between Washington and Monroe are two lakes, one large, the other smaller and lower down on the mountain side. The peak of Monroe, seen from these lakes, looks very much like a huge wave, for its long, thin, peak overhangs like a breaker.

The trail skirts the rims of the ravines for almost its entire length, giving glimpses of the trees far below. We stopped at one place and looked over into Oake's Gulf. At first the bottom seemed near, but, as we compared the apparent size of objects on the floor, with the size we knew them to be, we realized the distance. A broad brook stretched out like a narrow thread; a boulder as big as a house shrank to the size of a cobble stone; the big trees dwarfed themselves until their tops appeared no larger than small tooth-picks. After a few minutes' inspection we drew back rather hastily, for it would be a dizzy drop, that 1000 feet to the tree-tops.

Looking back towards Jefferson we could plainly see the marks of no less than five slides on his flanks,—great, brown gashes in the sides of the mountain, filled with rocks and broken trees that ten years will not erase. Between Franklin and Pleasant the path was noticeably lower, for in places it dipped down into the short evergreen scrub. Away down the valley the hotels at Bretton Woods were plainly visible, their golf links and tennis courts lying flat and open in the sunlight.

After leaving Pleasant the path rose a little, passed over the bare ledges of Clinton, and then descended into the larger growth of the forest. The stretch of path from the summit of Clinton to Crawford's is short, goes down steeply,—and is muddy. We

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met a party of fellows, covered with mud from their feet to their knees, and asked them one of those intelligent questions: "Any mud down there?" "No," came the reply in a weary, but sarcastic tone, "It's well paved."

We tested the truth of this statement. The path wasn't muddy,—it had got beyond that stage. It was simply swimming with a sticky composition of black earth and leaf-mold, well mixed with water which lay in every little depression, or ran down the path in a miniature rivulet. We would plant our feet, sink half to our knees, pull our shoes out with a noise like a suction pump,—then do it all over again.

Two of us sat down on a wet log and let the other two pass. After they had been gone about ten minutes we started. We meant to run down, but, after a few strides our run resolved itself into a wild series of frantic leaps, slips, and slides. Our packs bumped around on our backs, hitting all the sore spots; the kettles, and other articles in them, making a noise like a tack shop. We stopped ourselves, when it became necessary, by grabbing some sapling and hanging on. We always stopped. We caught the others about half a mile from the end of the path, and we all splashed along together.

The last few hundred yards of the path was smooth and well trodden by the guests at the Crawford House. As it was mid-afternoon, the hotel piazza was crowded; autos hummed about; and groups of gaily dressed young people stood about the spacious lawns, talking and laughing. Most of these people had seen parties of trampers before, but I doubt if any looked so absolutely disreputable as ours.

We hurried past and over to the railroad station a little way from the hotel, only to find that the long board walks and platforms were somewhat in the nature of a

promenade, along which all the younger ladies and some of the men walked up and down.

We found a pair of scales on the platform and began to "weigh in." Of course, everybody that passed had to stare at us. The reverend gentleman who led the party appeared to be the worst looking specimen of all. His shoes were not visible in themselves, but from the coating of mud on his feet it was to be supposed that they were somewhere beneath. His well-worn trousers, spattered with mud, frayed at the bottom, and of a rather non-descript hue, were held up by a pair of good old-fashioned "galluses." His shirt, praise be, was white and clean, collarless, with an ordinary button in the neck. All this was crowned by an ancient cap, a little on the yachting pattern, the visor parting company with the top, and worn slightly aslant.

One of the two taller boys wore a decrepit pair of khaki trousers, liberally bedaubed with blue paint, their bottoms somewhat hidden by a pair of mud-caked leggins. His shirt was open at the throat, displaying a blue "gym" jersey, while his head was about half covered by an aged baseball cap. A green sweater wound around his waist added the finishing touch to his rather picturesque apparel. The shortest boy wore khaki trousers. His distinctive feature was a T. H. S. basket ball jersey, not hidden by any superfluous shirt. He was as black as an Indian, with nothing on his head but a regular hayrick mop of hair. His pack, tied together with a piece of clothes-line, showed a frying-pan handle projecting from its top, besides numerous humps and knobs denoting the location of sundry kettles, cans, etc. When the train came in we climbed into the last car and started on the long ride through the Crawford Notch to Fryeburg and the home camp at Lovell, Maine.

W. A. H., '12.

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ATHLETICS

DURING the school year of 1911-1912, the Taunton High School has been represented by unusually fine athletic teams. The teams have triumphed over nearly all their opponents, and have had good claims for the championship of Southeastern Massachusetts.

FOOTBALL.

In the fall of 1911 the football team defeated all its opponents (except B. M. C. Durfee), at least once. New Bedford, Attleboro, Abington, Durfee, Textile, all have fallen before the onrush of Taunton's eleven. True the Durfee High School has twice been victor over the Taunton team but both victories were scored on lucky runs under cover of darkness, when the players could hardly distinguish their opponents, and when the play could be but dimly seen from the side lines. Moreover, New Bedford defeated Durfee two games, and Taunton beat New Bedford. But perhaps Taunton's greatest victory was over Brockton. Under the leadership of Captain Dudley, and under the supervision of Coach Owens, the team has played remarkable and consistent ball. A light team, often greatly outweighed by its opponents, fast, well-versed in football, steady players every one, always fighting for the school—such was Taunton's eleven.

The following were members of the team: Irving, Poole, Manter, and Connolly, ends; Lupton and Capt. Dudley, tackles; Lockhart and Baylies, guards; Burns and Carr, center; Goodrich, quarterback; Anthony, Tripp and Boewe, backs.

BASKET BALL.

The basket ball team easily won the

basket ball championship of Southeastern Massachusetts. The team defeated the Oliver Ames High School team of North Easton, which won the basket ball championship of the state in 1910-1911. The team also defeated the strong Durfee team of Fall River, the Provincetown team of the Cape, Fairhaven, Attleboro High School, Mansfield Boys' Club, and a team composed of members of the Brockton High School. Last year's team was composed of Capt. Lockhart, Tripp, Poole, Boewe, Manter, Anthony, Irving, Goodrich, and Breene. Lockhart caged the most baskets, with Tripp a close second. The whole team played a fine passing game and often completely bewildered their opponents. Probably the greatest surprise of the season was the showing made by Poole and Boewe. Both are only beginners at the game, and last year was their first one on an organized team. Each improved so rapidly through the year that when the Alogonquins were playing the Y. M. C. A. for the amateur championship of the city, Poole and Boewe were the mainstays of the Alogonquin Club.

Basket ball should be still better in the fall for the team loses but one man by graduation. When Capt. Lockhart was interviewed concerning next year's team he said, "Why, next year the other high schools will have as much chance of winning over us as a celluloid dog has of catching an asbestos cat in a furnace."

BASEBALL.

The center of interest now is the baseball team, a member of the Bristol County Interscholastic League. The team could be called both fortunate and unfortunate: fortunate, because it lost only two men by

T H E T A U N T O N H I G H S C H O O L J O U R N A L

graduation, thus leaving a surplus of seven veterans; unfortunate, because the two men whom it lost were Sheehan and Peters. In 1911, Sheehan pitched in every game but one. His only alternate was Gooch. Sheehan, seeing that we would need a pitcher in 1912, developed Gooch into a good one. But Gooch left school and thereby deprived the team of an experienced man in the box. In Presbrey, Smith, and Johnston, Coach Bulfinch saw good pitching material and soon developed them so wonderfully that, although not equalling Sheehan, they, nevertheless, have surprised their closest followers. Behind the bat are Capt. Connolly and J. Anthony. At shortstop Duffy is filling creditably the hole left by Peters. But perhaps the greatest surprise of the season is the marvelous work of Harry Higginbotham at first. His skill in pulling down high throws or scooping in low ones has won the continued applause of the fans. At the second sack Burns, of football fame, continues to romp around. Seaman, as in 1911, still guards the third cushion. He is a fast player and perfect thrower, and his play, which is always snappy, keeps the whole infield constantly on the go. In the outfield are Anthony, Goodrich and Manter. This outfield is one of the fastest school outfields in this section. When there is one out and a high fly is hit to the outfield, the fans, who are keeping score, sharpen their pencils and prepare to mark two out.

ONE MINUTE INTERVIEWS WITH FOOTBALL MEN.

Capt. Poole of football: We ought to win the championship of Southeastern Massachusetts next fall.

Ex-Capt. Dudley of football: Well, as I leave, I can say that I have left Captain Poole good material.

John Anthony: Keep you eye on us next year.

Lupton: Absolutely nothing to say!

Boewe: I agree with our captain.

Irving: We'll be there with bells on.

Baylies: Fellows, I'm training down so that I won't weigh over 200 when next fall comes.

S. Goodrich: I think that that old maxim, "Good quality comes in small packages" must be true.

(Editor: We agree with you!)

"Greg" Burns: It's fine to be a hero!

ONE MINUTE INTERVIEWS WITH BASKET BALL MEN.

Capt. Lockhart: The fact that the basketball team in the season '12-'13 will be the same, with one exception, speaks for itself.

Mgr. Seaman: The team should win the state championship. I will have a schedule that will include the fastest high school teams in the state.

Boewe: I was young at the game last year but next year _____.

Poole: Same as Boewe.

Breene: I have a cold, fellows, and can't talk.

W. Anthony: Too bad I can't be with them next year.

Manter: My south paw shot has them all guessing.

S. Goodrich: May I come back?

ONE MINUTE INTERVIEWS WITH BASEBALL MEN.

Capt. Connolly: Say, fellows, I was never cut out for a catcher. Every time I hear the umpire call "three balls" my heart sinks, for it brings me recollections of my watch.

J. Anthony: Wait until I have a chance to show what I have up my sleeve besides my arm.



JOHNSTON BAILEY MANTER HALL BOEWE R. IRVING LUPION
LOCKHART POOLE COACH OWENS CAPT. DUDLEY COACH PARKS ANTHONY BAYLIES
CONNOLLY F. IRVING GOODRICH HUGHES WILDE

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Presbrey: I don't like to talk about myself and therefore can't express an opinion.

Smith: I wish the fellows would stop calling me "Cap." for when I go out of town they really think I run the team.

Johnston: I don't like to pose!

Duffy: My only trouble is that I talk too much.

Higginbotham: Am I making good?

Manter: How is my form?

S. Goodrich: I wish I could run faster so that I could steal a base *once* in a while.

W. Anthony: A soldier's life for me.

Seaman: I ought to be a "White Man's Hope" instead of a coming Harry Lord.

Burns: More fun being a football hero.

C. Goodrich: Guess I'm utility man.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

"Doc."	"Sub Rosa."
"Pete."	"Bill."
"Bugs."	"Jock"
"Scoop."	"Chug! Chug!"
"Fat."	"Chauncey."
"Tub."	"Gus."
"Packy."	"Cap."
"Tacks."	"Nemo."
"Yaller."	"Bick."
"Amby."	"Waddy."
"Ginee."	"Linny."
"Cicero."	"Annie."
"Donkey."	"L. Carl."
"Bull."	"Pimp."
"Greg."	"Shrimp."
"Salome."	"Tip."
"Hank."	"Paris."
"Kal"	"Simp."

NOTES

Miss Fox (in English)—"The earliest clocks were sun-dials and,—

Stage whisper (from Goodrich '13—"Crocodiles!"

A TRAGEDY.

Boy, gun.

Joy, fun.

Gun bust,—

Boy dust.

One big watermelon growing in the lot,
One little pickaninny making for the spot,
One big pain for about a half a minute
One little coffin with a pickanniny in it.

A Park looks much better with a little Hill in it. That so, Bob?

If Whalon should Place a bomb under Philly's desk, where would Hy-land?

If Miss Dean could boil two green Pease, how many could Mabel Cook?

If a cop should follow Willis down Main Street could he chase him thru this Alley?

There was a young fellow named Lane
Who surely is not to blame,
For being so small
You can't see him at all
This tiny young angel named Lane.

If Reagan could drink three quarts of—
of soda how much could Benny Swig?

If the King and the Pope were walking down the street would some cross man (Crossman) follow them?

If Seaman is a sailor, can he cross the Poole?

If Erna is White is Paris Green?

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WHAT DOES YOUR HAND TELL?

W. ANTHONY.—Anyone with your hand is bound to command. Gen. U. S. Grant had just the same lines as you have. The short lines at the base of the thumb indicate a fiery disposition and a poorly suppressed desire for fun. The marks on the fingers show a liking for standing in conspicuous places.

L. TAYLOR.—Just below your third finger is the rare star of the expert. Evidently you are a fine scholar,—one who "plugs." The head line is bulging, showing the tremendous knowledge of figures stowed away in the brain. This print is a very strange one for a high school senior, as too much study is indicated.

F. CHASE.—A triangle at the top of the head line would lead me to believe you of a quiet, angelic disposition, capable, however, of wild bursts of eloquence. The straight heart line shows no deep love affairs so early in life.

W. WILBAR.—You are a born politician. We should advise you to run for the common council as soon as you are of age. There is a peculiar, worn mark across your palm indicating intimate acquaintance with one of two things,—a hoe handle, or an auto wheel. We should surmise the latter.

J. ABBOTT.—From the large size of your fist we should judge that you are a husky exponent of the pugilistic sport,—a real heavy weight, maybe. Did you wash carefully before making this print? The other features are a trifle dim.

A. POOLE.—Your long slender hand suggests a very graceful youth of slim proportions,—a real society lad. The imprint on the heart line is shaped like a fire-

man's helmet,—but we see no connection in that. Skill in dancing and singing are among your accomplishments.

S. GOODRICH.—Your heart line shows no less than thirteen stormy love affairs with promise of more to come! As a minister your child-like simplicity and angelic disposition would be of great assistance. The peculiar circular marks on the thumb stand for mathematical skill,—algebra, etc.

M. CONNOLLY.—Your hand is a queer one. The fingers are all twisted and seem to have been hit or bent by some hard object. Evidently you are a catcher, as his hands are usually pretty well damaged.

JOHN GREGG.—From the print you sent us we should judge that you are an animal trainer of some renown. Possibly you have trained your hair, although we can't say whether it's Belgian or not.

PAUL MANTER.—There is a hard place on your hand, evidently caused by holding a billiard cue. Willie Hoppe has this same spot on his hand. From the peculiar lines about your thumb we should say that a run of three would be a long one for you,—although you might get four, if you were feeling good.

MISS I. LEONARD.—Your hand interested us greatly for it is the only example of its kind we have ever received. Its shape denotes grasping qualities,—notes in sweetly scented envelopes at recess. We advise you to stop that, for you might get lock-jaw. The big star on the Mount of Venus indicates your belief in one love only. As regards the print of your intended's hand, we would say that he appears somewhat loose jointed.

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MISS J. SHAW.—The large circle or halo about the thumb indicates that a vast amount of social success will be yours. On account of your extreme bashfulness, however, you will take the veil early. You might study for the French exam. just the same, though.

MISS B. PHILLIPS.—The triangle on your Mount of Mercury shows a marked ability to pull wires. We should think you were the manager of a puppet-show. We can not tell for certain (or rather, we won't tell) who the chief puppet is. The seven small dots on the thumb are the times that you have smiled directly *at* a person,—not over his left shoulder.

MISSES B. MURDOCK and B. SALISBURY.—It was unnecessary for you to send two prints as they are alike. Beauty will be yours. Skill in cooking, dress-making, and entertaining will come to you. Wealth will fall upon your heads. You will be blest with that elusive and often undesirable thing,—the attentions of mere man.

MISS B. IVES.—From the beautiful halo marks on your little finger, we should expect you to have a really angelic disposition.

The Salvation Army would be grateful for your assistance.

MISS COLE.—Your palm was a strange mixture of lines and crosses. We could discern a triangle on the Mount of Saturn. This denotes an aptitude for the occult sciences,—star gazing you know. The many lines are the star-gazers with whom you have star-gazed. If you live a long time you may see Halley's comet.

MISS DUFFY.—The cross on the Mount of Mars indicates a well controlled temper, yet, when aroused, you blow your horn, so to speak. Your talking abilities will enable you to prove to the world the satisfactoriness of your family tree.

MISS A. WHITE.—The circle upside down indicates fidgets. Did you ever sit on a pin?

MISS STARRETT.—The succession of crosses indicates your long string of admirers who are becoming, or have become, discarded. We advise you to stop eating molasses candy,—your print was far too sticky.

LADIES, PLEASE!

M. JACKSON—"For her own person,
It beggared all description."

R. RIMINGTON—"Her voice was eversoft,
gentle, and low."

F. DUFFY—"Is she not passing fair?"

D. I. HARRIMAN—"Alack, there lies more
peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their
swords."

M. RODERICK—"Art thou a friend to
Roderick?"

S. PLACE—"Heart on her lips, and soul in
her eyes,"

I. LEONARD—"Her locks are plighted like
the fleece of wool
That Jason with his Gre-
cian mates achieved."

F. CARR—"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a spring to snare
them all."

J. CAHOON—"Sober, steadfast, and de-
mure."

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B. GATES—"Bright as the sun her eyes the
gazer strike,
And, like the sun, they shine
on all alike."

J. SHAW—"With every pleasing, every
prudent part,
Say, what can she want?"
—she wants a heart."

L. FROST—"Now Laura moves along the
joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, sim-
pers in her lips."

E. PEASE—"Her voice changed like a birds:
There grew more of the
music and less of the
words."

ABBOTT—"I am monarch of all I survey
My right there is none to
dispute."

ALLEY—"Very like a whale."

ATWOOD—"I shall not look upon his like
again."

BAILEY—"He was the mildest mannered
man
That ever scuttled a ship or
cut a throat!
With such true breeding of a
gentleman,
You never could divine his real
thought."

CHASE—"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in
such a sort,
As if he mocked himself."

CLARK—"At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads."

DUDLEY—"Your face is as a book, where
men
May read strange matters."

WHALON—"A proper man as any one shall
meet in a summer's day."

HALL—"He was indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did
dress themselves."

HATHAWAY—"How absolute the knave is!
We must speak by the card,
Or equivocation will undo us."

HILL—"None but himself can be his par-
allel."

LEE—"Was always ready for either a fight
or a frolic; but had more mischief
than ill will in his composition."

LINCOLN—"His pencil was striking, re-
sistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle,
complying and bland."

McNAMARA—"Besides," 'tis known he
could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs
squeak."

MORTON—"A man so various that he
seemed
Not one but all mankind's
epitome."

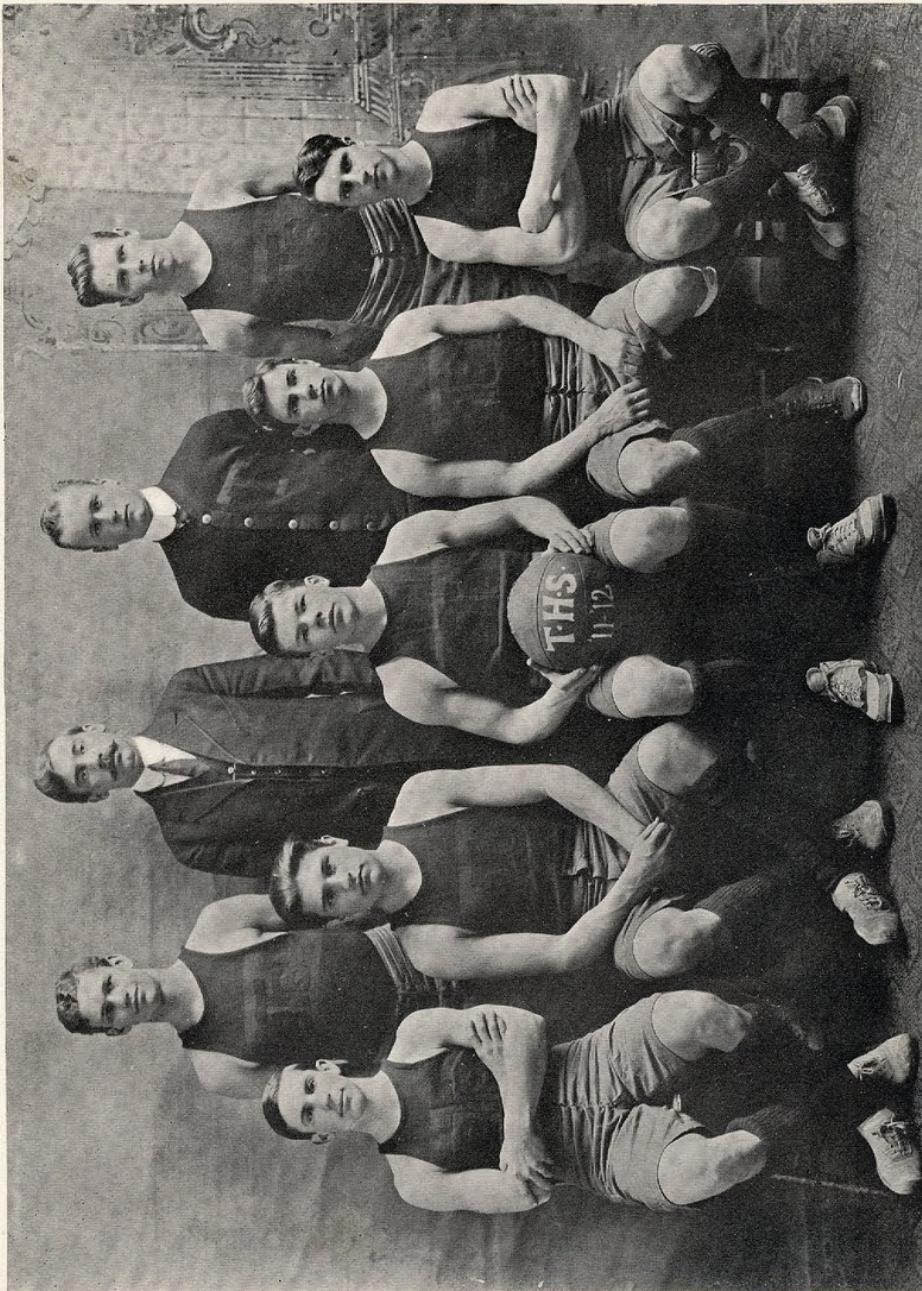
O'DONNELL—"Then he will talk, ye gods,
how he will talk."

PARK—"Ay, every inch a king."

SIMMONS—"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture
proudly eminent
Stood like a tower."

SWIG—"That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true,
'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

TAYLOR—"He was a scholar, and a ripe
and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken,
and persuading;
Lofty and sour, to them that
loved him not;
But to those men that sought
him, sweet as summer."



ANTHONY
POOLE

COACH PARKS
BOEWE

MGR. DUDLEY
CAPT. LOCKHART
GOODRICH

BREENE
IRVING

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AUNT HITY'S HELPFUL HINTS

"LUCIUS."—(1) No, we know of no way to reduce weight unless a run of five miles each day would do it. If you would "chin" yourself eighty times, before breakfast, it might help you some.

"DAVE."—(1) Your name should be pronounced like Adam with the prefix Mac. (2) The best authors do *not* make the last syllable rhyme with "ram."

"PETE."—(1) An alarm clock might wake you. If it has no effect, a charge of dynamite with a time fuse attached would surely make you rise. (2) Provincetown is a fine place for a summer cottage, as you suggest.

"KEN."—(1) We should advise you to telephone at least twice a day or she may forget you. As you say, you might walk up there every afternoon, as walking tends to increase the height.

"KARL."—(1) It is too bad that the girls look at you so much. (2) As you say you might wear a mask. That would hide your charming features from them.

C. HODGES.—(1) Don't feel badly about it. It is either due to softening of the cerebellum, or hardening of the skull. (2) Yes, study oftens drives people insane,—but you're safe.

J. WILLIAMS.—(1) If the lawn mower has no effect on your foliage

you might try a stout pair of tinner's shears. (2) There is a very scientific book on "How Height may be Reduced," written by W. Baker.

"JACK" ABBOTT.—(1) Never mind if he did finish 50th in the B. A. A. Marathon, he is a great runner. (2) Yes, colleges pay well for an expert football inflater, but filling gas balloons brings in a higher salary.

A. FORBES.—(1) A cough medicine made up of equal parts of Paris green and carbolic acid would be likely to remove your superfluous rival from your path. (2) No, the strongest digestion can not assimilate a dose of the above.

B. HALL, JR.—(1) You should never hesitate to have at least twenty girls,—so long as they live in different cities. (2) Walking is all right as long as you know somebody in the place where you are going.

JOHN ANTHONY—(1) No, the price of a hair cut is still twenty-five cents. By putting a large bowl over your head and cutting around its rim, a fair imitation may be obtained.

"HARRY" WILDE.—(1) A plush shield two feet high will hold your medals and save them from getting rusty. (2) Witch hazel is considered good for all swellings.

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MISS M. JACKSON.—(1) The minimum time of study is said to be six and one-half minutes for each lesson. (2) "How to Get By," published by C. U. Bluffem, is the best book on the subject.

MISS R. RIMINGTON.—(1) We agree with you. English is a very difficult subject. (2) Most teachers give too long lessons. You might tell them so in a polite way. No doubt they would appreciate it.

MISS E. PEASE.—(1) We thank you very much for the book, "Experiences of a Prima Donna." It is a very interesting volume. (2) "Solo Singing," by K. Z. Czarnecky is a master piece, well worth reading.

MISS F. CARR.—(1) A good pianist is needed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. (2) We know of no easy method of learning German.

"BILL" BAILEY.—(1) We are sorry to say that we know of no correspondence school which teaches football.

H. LUPTON.—(1) You say you have become addicted to the use of Nerve Tonic and ask us what to take if you find you can't stop the habit. From what we have heard of you, if you find yourself drinking any more Nerve Tonic, we would advise you to mix in a large dose of arsenic.

A FRESHMAN'S DICTIONARY

Flunk—n. v. deriv. somewhat obscure. A flunk (n.) is shown by a mark of less than the required 70%. It is often heralded by a "billet doux" in the shape of a Deficiency card. To flunk (v.) is the process of acquiring the afore mentioned things, either thru failure to cram or inability to see your neighbor's paper. The following was taken from the ancient history exam. of a freshie who flunked,— "Caesar was a Greek sailor who defeated the Hindus at the battle of Hastings in 1492 B. C."

Cram—v. deriv. from Latin *stuffedeo*, to load. To cram is the process of filling the head with an array of temporary knowledge, in which imagination is largely employed. Its chief use is to cause the scholar to for-

get all previous teachings and show him how little he really does know.

"Cram, cram, cram, ere the fatal day arrives."

TENNYSON.

Trot—n. deriv. from Latin *stedha*, a pony. A trot is a literal translation of some book written in a foreign tongue. It is often of great assistance to those who are looking for speed. It may be defined as a tonic for feeble intellects, or an aid to the sudden development of unwonted acumen. The diligent use of a good pony may lead one to be considered as a brilliant linguist.

"A trot should be used on all occasions"

SAM JOHNSON.

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Pinch—v. deriv. from all languages.

To pinch is to do one of two things; either to borrow and forget to return, or to swipe or purloin a neighbor's property. Such articles as pencils and erasers, being considered as common property, are not always to be included in the genus "swipabilis." Books, umbrellas, girls, dances, and such articles are fair game and are to be hooked, pinched, or purloined, upon all occasions,—preferably when the owner wants them himself.

Graft—v. n. deriv. from gallic "skintum," to obtain easily, hence an easy thing, a cinch. This name is to be used whenever it is desirable to indicate a study considered to be particularly easy, such as geometry or college algebra. To graft is the process by which money, lunches, or admission to games is obtained without any severe manual or mental labor. A grafted is one who indulges in said process.

"Graft whenever you can." Hymn Tune.

Grind—v. n. deriv. from prehistoric Hindu.

To grind is the act of plugging on some study, until the brain becomes capable of grinding out the desired lesson,—hence

the name. A grind is a person who, either thru some mental deficiency, or misguided zeal, studies more than is good for him, thus becoming long haired and weak eyed. The term may be applied to any subject which, in the logical minds of the ill-used scholars, requires too much mental application.

Crib—n. v. deriv. unknown. There are several known varieties of cribs, all in good usage by a large number of pupils. The cuff variety is well understood and needs no explanation. The roller kind consists of a long strip of paper, tightly wound, upon which are written all necessary facts and figures. This variety comes well recommended. The style of crib changes only with the audacity of its user, and the proximity of the teacher.

Stung—adj. deriv. from Indian word meaning "my name is mud." A stinging is the result of too much study (?), lack of spare time, or inability to work either your crib or your neighbor. The usual result is a caustic request to return at the afternoon session. The reward is a large, finely formed goose egg.

NOTES

Wilbar's little Virgil has a meaning all its own.—it has developed our sense of humor."

"The Romans steered their boats by the keel."

McNamara—"The spirits were feeding on the grass." (Horses again, Mac).

"He drove his horn-shaped horses."

McNAMARA & CO.

"Elysium was surrounded by a three cornered wall."

LIVERY STABLE.

"Aeneas filled his face with a flood of tears."

Horses for sale or for hire by the period.
Ponies a specialty!

GIDDAP!

Misses Jackson and Rimington ensemble—"The only thing Latin has done for

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ILLUMINATED PERSONALS



JOHN ABBOTT, familiarly called "Jack" or "Doc," is striving to make a name as an athletic promoter. "Jack" is some boxer himself. He aspires to reach Tech. As a mathematician he has gained some reputation, not always, however, on account of his diligent study.

GRAFTON ATWOOD is a country boy, hailing from Segregansett. Grafton is in the meat business just now and seems to like the job. In typewriting class he certainly makes the machine sweat. He is tall, rather good looking, and a friend of the ladies.



LUCIUS J. N. ALLEY is also from the country, East Freetown being his home. Lucius is rather rotund, although he *might*

be fatter. He looks on the world with a smile and always greets his friends with a cordial word.



WILLIAM ANTHONY is the captain of this year's cadet company. To see "Bill" togged out in all his regalia of stripes, shoulder straps, hat, and saber, is a sight to stir all feminine hearts,—and it does, too. "Bill" is one of the best outfielders, hitters, and base runners on the baseball team.

RALPH BAILEY, he of the angelic disposition, showed himself to be a great actor in last year's class play. He is in the clothing business and is learning fast. He can